

Gc
979.402
0a39b
1730280

M. L.

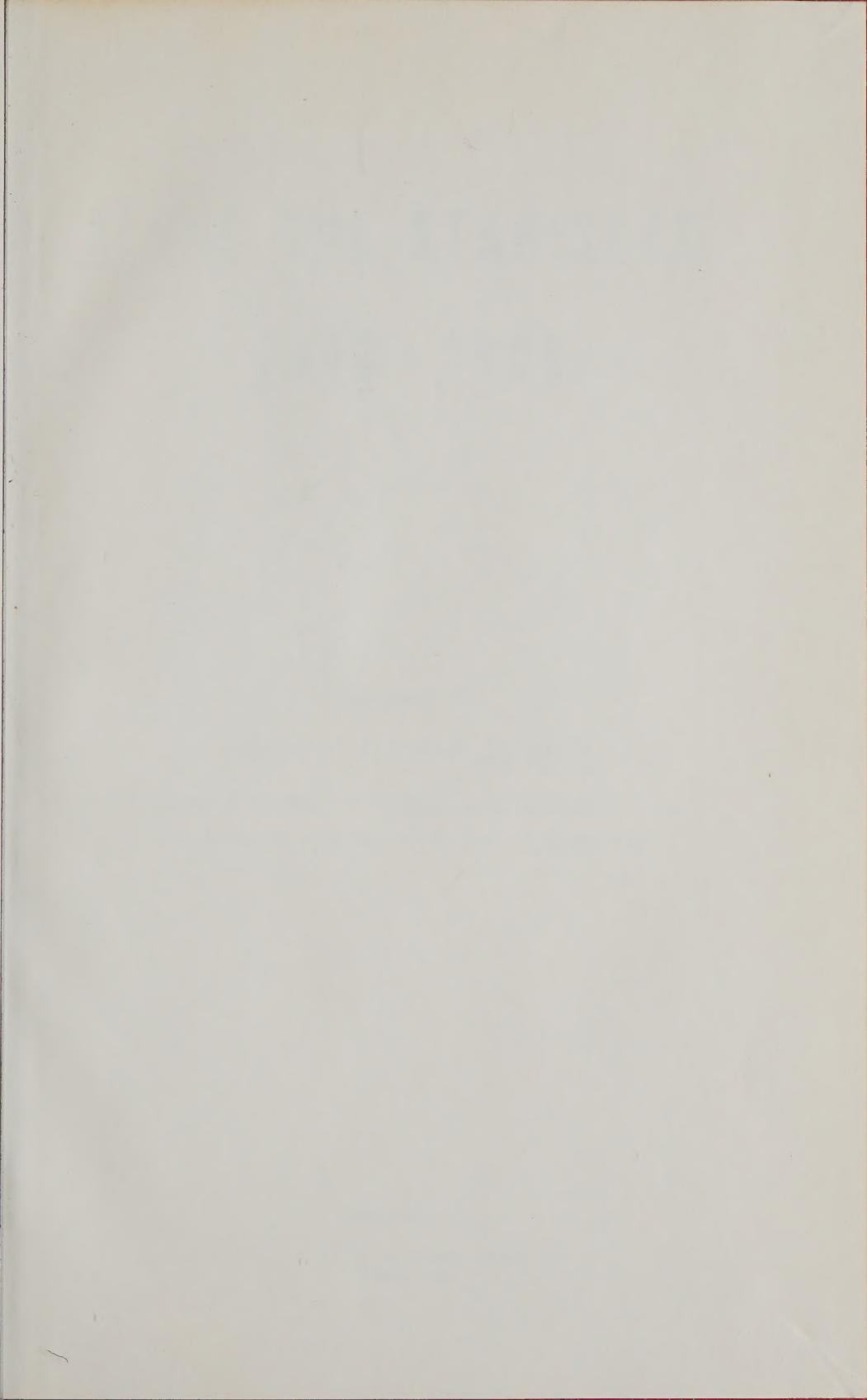
REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

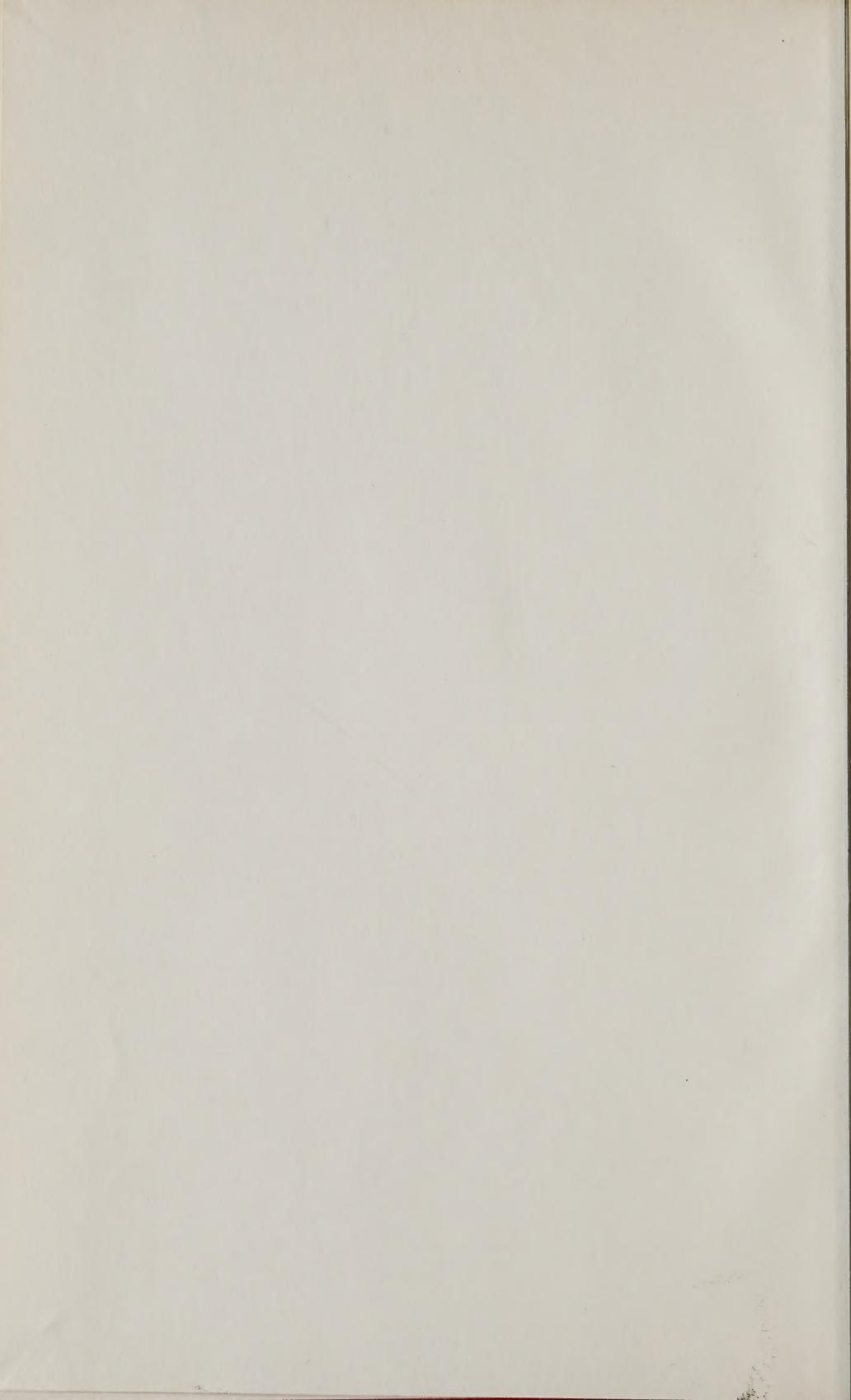
ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01115 5741

4C
b
28





ALONG THE STANISLAUS

1806 - 1906

Compiled By

Florabel McKenzie Brennan

President of Stanislaus Pioneer and Historical Society
Historian of Oakdale Chamber of Commerce

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
OAKDALE & ALLIED CITIES
V.F.

Copyrighted 1956

Published by Oakdale Leader
October, 1956

THE STANISLAUS
A HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF TURLOCK

DEDICATION

With humility, I dedicate this small book to the memory of my devoted mother, gold rush daughter, and the pioneers and other early settlers who lived along the Stanislaus.



1730280

FOREWORD

Greetings to you, readers of the weekly column, *Along the Stanislaus* and to all readers of this small book.

The chief purposes of this book are the preservation of our cultural knowledge of the past, creation of renewed interests and understandings of the way of life of early settlers, and the encouragement of interests of senior citizens. I have a sincere desire to honor and make happier those, who, "thru' the years," have made a living along the Stanislaus happier for others.

Whether one is 17 or 70, there is in everyone's heart, joy of living, the undaunted challenge of events, and the lure of seeking beauty in nature and thoughts. To give up enthusiasm is to give up ideals and imagination, and that means growing old. A person of 70 may not be old if he has not deserted his ideals. Then he knows that he is as young as his hope, as old as his despair, as young as his faith, as old as his fear. So long as the heart receives inspirations from God and man, so long is one young. Every day brings contentment to those who have known the joy of sharing with others.

To labor with zest and to give
the best
For the sweetness and joy
of the living
To help folks along with a
hand and a song,
Why that's the sunshine of
living.
(Anon.)

I am grateful for the encouragement given me, and acknowledge with gratitude historical facts gained from individuals and authors.

Florabel McKenzie Brennan

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Dedication	2
Foreword	3
Chapter 1 — Saga of The Stanislaus	5
Chapter 2 — Oakdale	9
Names and Signatures of 50 Year and More Residents	14
Chapter 3 — Along the Stanislaus	17
Old Songs	17
Mottoes	18
Spearing Salmon	20
Christmas Memories	21
Chinese	22
Ladies' Improvement Club	24
Reflections	25
Spring	27
Autumn	28
Mothers	30
Autographs	32

Chapter I

Saga of the Stanislaus

The Stanislaus River winds its way from the head waters in the high Sierras in Tuolumne of the Mother Lode through the foothills.

The Stanislaus has furnished exciting tales of its historic past, even in the days of the rule of the Mexicans in Stanislaus County.

When leading an expedition to the San Joaquin valley in October, 1806, Gabriel Moraga, son of Jose Moraga, founder of Yerba Buena (San Francisco), discovered the county first.

Estanislao was an Indian of considerable native intelligence. His parents came down from Tuolumne to join Mission San Jose. There, their son Estanislao was born and baptized.

The governor of California, Jose Echeandia had constant warfare between spiritual and temporal authorities of the Mexican territory. The governor was not in sympathy with the spiritual leaders of Mission San Jose, and sometimes tried to alienate the native Indians from their padres.

It was May 10, 1825, that the citizens took oath of allegiance to the Mexican government.

The Indian, Estanislao, prior to 1827 sought training at Mission San Jose, embracing the Christian religion. After several years of religious life, some fled the quiet but exacting environment of the Mission padres.

Estanislao returned to the wilderness of the plains of the Stanislaus and joined other dissatisfied neophytes. Together they harassed missions and settlements. They returned to their native inclinations in the land that had been their ancestors for centuries.

One knows not why Estanislao, named after one of the Polish saints called Saint Stanislas, became a leader of a band of Indians from Mission San Jose to the land in the San Joaquin Valley. Cruelty of Mexican leaders was one reason Estanislao became a renegade.

Haciendas were looted and occupants were killed. Cattle and horses were stolen. Finally the padre Duran at the mission called upon civil authorities to bring the bandit Indians back to the Mission. General Vallejo was sent in pursuit in April, 1829.

Estanislao had taken his place on the Lasquisimes (Stanislaus) River and Vallejo's expedition could not dislodge them.

On May 5, 1829, Sergeant Sanchez left for the river with 40 men from San Francisco to try to capture Estanislao near the spot where San Joaquin and Stanislaus Rivers join. It was an extensive thicket and soldiers had trouble penetrating the dense growth of trees and vegetation. The Indians' muskets and arrows were most effective against the soldiers' powder loaded guns.

After two days, Sanchez gave up trying to storm the thicket and the soldiers with their leader returned to San Jose.

Reinforcements from Vallejo with cavalry, infantry and artillery,

joined Sanchez at San Jose. They proceeded to find the outlaw Indians.

The location where the battle took place is thought to be the present location of Salida on the Stanislaus. The Indians were prepared for their enemy. When ammunition of Vallejo's gave out, he was forced to flee with his men.

The Indians fled in the night and leader Estanislao made his escape. Therefore the name Estanislao was given the river because of Estanislao's victory. Later the Spanish name, Estanislao, was changed to Stanislaus.

Because of numerous Indian remains and war weapons found near Salida and indications of pits and embankments on the Byrum ranch there, it is believed to be the historic spot of the contest.

Estanislao and a few Indians are believed to have finally returned to Mission San Jose where Estanislao's friend Father Duran befriended him. Some historians claim Father Duran forgave his pet neophyte and asked Governor Echeandia to grant him a pardon, which he did. After a few years, Estanislao returned to his old rancheria where he remained Chief of the Indians until his death. He was helpful and kind to the whites. His last years he lived with his tribe Yokuts as chief in primitive fashion on the rancheria.

In 1825, about the time Estanislao was at Mission San Jose, a courageous pathfinder of the Sierras, Jedediah Smith, a trapper was seeking the San Joaquin Valley. It was in 1826 that he crossed the rugged high Sierras, passing through Sonora, the gold rush Mexican settlement. He gained permission of the Mexican government to travel in California.

Smith was the first trapper to camp along the Stanislaus which was a sportsman's paradise. A fur trader found many otter and beaver along the stream, not counting numerous grizzly bears, elk, deer, and antelope. Wild horses and cattle were plentiful.

The native Indians who appreciated their Stanislaus and liked their free and primitive way of living complained to authorities and Smith was ordered arrested.

He quickly left with his companions, going up the Stanislaus River to its beginning in the Sierras. He and his party succeeded in reaching another camp of fur traders. He often spoke of the abundance of wild game here. He returned to the Stanislaus River to trap again.

Other bands of trappers camped along the Stanislaus, a mecca for nature lovers of scenic beauty and wild life. Ewing Young, trapper on the Stanislaus was accompanied by Col. James J. Warner, a historian. Col. Warner wrote eloquently of the Stanislaus. No river with its source in the Sierras of the Mother Lode was more historic nor more important than the Stanislaus.

It was John C. Fremont, who in 1841, visited this area and described so well the groves of oaks and wild life along the wide deep Stanislaus river.

Col. Stevenson and a party of soldiers camped near the Stanislaus. It was there on a ranch that we found a regiment powder horn with government insignia and the date 1838.

The Spaniards owned the land and before 1840 little was known of this area. As a revolution in Mexico progressed, affairs here grew worse.

Much of what is now Stanislaus County was once owned by individuals who got grants from the Mexican government. The Indians along

the Stanislaus were just as unfriendly to new settlers as they were to trapper Jedediah Smith and his companions. So new settlers were fearful of seeking spots along the banks of the Stanislaus.

It was December 29, 1843, that the first settlers took courage to come into area along the river.

It was upon that date, that the name Rancheria Del Rio Estanislao was given to a land grant of 48,886 acres. It was the largest single grant made in San Joaquin Valley. It lies north and northeast of Oakdale, and many of the ranches owned by grandchildren of gold rush settlers bear the title Del Rio Estanislao.

It was in 1846, that a group of Mormons under leadership of Sam Brannan sailed up the San Joaquin River. His party settled at a spot on the north bank of the Stanislaus, near the junction of the Stanislaus and San Joaquin Rivers. They were the first wheat growers and the first settlers in the county. Later a town, Stanislaus City, was the name given the settlement. When gold was discovered in 1848 Brannan became a leader in the stampede for gold and the settlement was deserted.

Gold was found on the Stanislaus above Knights Ferry by Indians. In 1848 they were taught how to prospect by Captain Weber of Stockton.

In gold rush days, the Stanislaus played a very important part in the history of transportation during those exciting days.

The travel came from Stockton, the gateway to the mines. Stopping places were at 12 mile house, 26 mile house and Knights Ferry, too. On from Knights Ferry on the old Stockton-Sonora road were other stopping places.

How busy was the Knights Ferry in carrying the gold seekers across the river, on their way along the historic road. North of the river from present Eugene to a point at east end of Orange Blossom Colony was part of historic Stockton-Sonora road.

Major Burney started one of the most busy ferries where present county bridge near Riverbank now stands. Along the trackless wild from the Stanislaus River's water edge at Burney's Ferry were bonfires of the weary seekers of gold. A bit to eat of bacon, beans and coffee was taken before they began cross country trip with their loaded burros. In the wintertime, the adobe land from Stockton past 26 mile house caused some argonauts to seek a cross country route from Stockton to Burney's Ferry. Then a cross country trek past present Oakdale and over Dickenson's Ferry (later Roberts Ferry) took the gold seekers on their trip to the mines.

There were other ferries available as Keeler's ferry opposite Lovers' Leap and Keeler's Flat. The Leitch and Cottle Ferry was located on the edge of the large acreage of Francis Marion Cottle, not far from the present railroad bridge. The Leach and Cottle Ferry changed its location because of floods.

The late F. M. Cottle in '53 a young man with his uncle and his son drove cattle through the hazardous route, across the plains and mountains to California.

The Cottles took up thousands of acres of land east of Oakdale's railroad tracks. The ghost spot, Burnett's Station and post office were on the north side of the river near the railroad on Cottle land.

La Grange shares with Knights Ferry in mining excitement of gold

days and later shared arrival of stages.

La Grange is not along the Stanislaus as Knights Ferry is. The historic town of Knights Ferry knows of the terrible flood of 1862 when the angry waters overflowed its banks and destroyed part of the town. Again in recent years, another flood. The winter of 1955, the Stanislaus River went on a rampage and flooded business houses, club house and hall. It carried away homes, a reminder of 1862. Yet the covered bridge withstood it all, as water in its fierceness rolled over the huge boulders and laid bare the banks of the stream.

Tuolumne County in 1850 became one of the largest 22 counties in the state. Yet it did not remain a large county long. The name Stanislaus was applied to a part of Tuolumne County and made County of Stanislaus, April 1, 1854. So again Estanisloa's name became honored.

The early Heath and Emory Ferry on the Stanislaus can't be forgotten. The name Emory it a historical one as Lt. Emory was a member of Stevenson's regiment before the Mexican War. Knights Ferry School District was once known as Emory District.

Gold seekers were never far from the winding Stanislaus River. The beautiful river at its head waters was known for its rocky gorges, deep canyons and picturesque scenery.

How campers enjoyed the fishing and hunting along the stream and dared to seek the wilds and natural loveliness over 50 years ago.

But inroads of progress has made the experiences some of us knew at Brightman's Flat and Baker Station only memories never to be enjoyed again.

Langworth, a few miles west of Oakdale for a few years in the 60's was a busy community. It had its post office, store, hall and blacksmith shop. Development of Oakdale in 1871 caused many Langworth settlers to move to Oakdale.

Walker was a name familiar to early settlers of Oakdale, as he had a ford across the river at Langworth near present Gardner Road. Major Burney later set up a hotel there and bricks may be found as evidence of the location of the landmark.

A few graves on Gardner road mark the location of an early cemetery. Most of the graves have been moved to Oakdale of the early settlers of Langworth.

After the railroad was extended from Stockton to Oakdale, the reason for the founding of Oakdale, other railroad stops were developed.

In 1891 the railroad was extended from Oakdale to Waterford and Hickman with Visalia as a terminal. These lively towns, in the midst of large grain growing ranches are still substantial communities although the railroad has been abandoned there. In 1897, the Sierra Railroad was built to Jamestown from Oakdale.

A settlement named Clyde was developed from a large ranch north of Oakdale a few miles along the railroad. In 1900 German colonists came to the settlement they named Thalheim. During World War I the name was changed to Valley Home. The post office was established in 1903. Today it is a prosperous community with its fine new school, branch library and business houses.

Rightly, it is that the historic Stanislaus river should be the location of Tri-Dams in 1956 of national importance. They will bring more irrigation to the area of Oakdale and therefore more development will follow.

Chapter II

Oakdale

It was in 1865 that the Cottles bought a larger parcel of land east of present Oakdale railroad tracks. They came here first in 1853, the first Oakdale settlers.

The Stockton and Visalia Railroad Company, with stockholders in Stockton were interested in running their railroad through the gold rush settlement, Burneyville, just a few miles west of present Oakdale in 1871. Mr. Burney was interested in the project for Burneyville.

But Andrew Jackson Patterson owned large areas of land where Oakdale now stands. He offered the railroad land for a townsite as did Purcell, who gave land south of Oakdale and Jackson.

The railroad accepted the offer of the Oakdale site, groves of oaks, high above the river bed. Mr. A. Tuohy of Burneyville was helpful to Mr. Patterson and Mr. Purcell.

The S.P. Railroad passed through Oakdale for many years but in more recent years, gradually had discontinued the service to Visalia. The Santa Fe in 1896 was put through Riverbank.

One wonders if the safety from the floods and Mr. A. J. Patterson's interest in giving an offer to Stockton and Visalia Railroad Company for a townsite, did not prevent Riverbank from becoming a railroad center many years before it did.

The railroad to Oakdale was finished in November, 1871.

The late Mrs. E. H. Mehler whose father Purcell gave land for the townsite and for Oakdale's first school, wrote me "The live oaks were cut from the railroad crossing at the river's edge and a clearing made for the tracks. The oaks were cut in two foot and four foot lengths and stacked high along the cleared off land given to the railroad for its tracks and station. Some of the wood was reserved by contract for the Stockton State Hospital. (Formed in 1854 and one of the first in the state.)

Before the Sierra Railway was built to Jamestown, Oakdale became a lively freighting center. Freight teams of 10 or 12 animals took to the mountains. Many businesses after 1871, relating to freighting sprung up, blacksmith and wagon shops, livery stables, hotels, chop houses and general merchandise stores.

The businesses of Oakdale up to the corporation of Oakdale in 1906 were mostly on the east side of the tracks.

The principal business block of Oakdale then was between F and G Streets on east Railroad Avenue, now Sierra Ave. There was the post office, opera house, the hotels, harness shop, blacksmith shops, saloons and stores. South of this block was the laundry, doctor's office, soda

works and lumber yard. North of this street were stables, saloons and blacksmith shops, warehouses.

The homes on the eastside mostly housed teamsters' families brought to Oakdale, the terminal of the freighting to the mountains.

My own father came here in 1894 because he was a freighter and we too lived in the section of Oakdale, then, the Eastside.

Remember the immense red barn on the southwest corner of 6th and F Streets that stabled the horses of the teamsters? A high 12 foot red fence along the side walk with wide cracks between its redwood boards made children coming home from school curious, yet kicking of horses against the fence did not make us tarry long.

The farmers around Oakdale were busy raising hay and barley for feed for the animals.

Later, the block between F and G on West Railroad Avenue became a business block, and the block and half south of G Street on West Railroad Avenue had its hall, store, saloon, White House (hotel), Deikes' Hotel and blacksmith shop, dentist and doctors office and tin shop were among the businesses.

J. H. Hubbell owned most of the property on the block. The post office, meat market, jewelry shop, dry good store, saloon, bank and news stand were some of the businesses there.

On both railroad avenues were convenient hitching racks and watering troughs for the horses. On West Railroad Ave. are seen a few posts chiseled by the tying of horses.

Some remember the nice row of hitching racks along W. Railroad Ave. where Van Pelt's plant is. On the corner of G and W. Railroad Avenue was the fire bell tower. It was formerly the treasured old school bell, which served the community with its melodious sound as a fire bell and curfew too. Children had to be in at nine o'clock then.

A few businesses in later years started in the block between E and F on West Railroad Avenue, as milling company, harness shop, clothing store, bank, ice house, nursery and grocery store and warehouses.

East Oakdale gradually became less busy after the Sierra Railroad was built from Oakdale to Jamestown, and freighting became an industry of the past.

Yet the large teams hauling grain from the large grain ranches around Oakdale to the warehouses were many.

The Neubaumer Hotel on East Railroad Ave. over 50 years ago had many who worked on the ranches in the spring and fall and on the harvesters in the summer, living there during the winter when inactive.

Few were the businesses off the main Railroad Avenues until more recent years.

In the late 90's, Dr. C. C. Wood had his dental office in the upstairs of the recently demolished Thompson Sanitarium on the corner of G and W. Railroad Avenue. He had recently been married and the Woods' apartment, adjoined his office. His living room also served as his reception room. Downstairs, Dr. Osler had his medical offices. Following the use of buildings for offices, it became the Dr. Thompson Sanitarium, which continued in use until Dr. McKibbon's hospital on South Sierra Street became the important hospital in town.

The social life of Oakdale prior to 1900 included literary, choral, dramatic, dancing and skating clubs. They were generally held in the

Pavilion, Moulton Hall on the South corner of G and W. Railroad Ave. and in the Opera House (later Gray's Store). The skating rink for awhile was held in the upstairs above a W. Railroad Ave. blacksmith shop. Fraternal organizations started, F. & A.M. No. 275 of Oakdale 1884, Knights of Pythias 1883, I.O.O.F. 1888, O.E.S. in 1905.

The Oakdale Hook and Ladder Co. was organized Jan. 26, 1883 with 18 members. Among the members were the fathers of Bertha Arnold Weaver, and Milton Seeber, residents here now.

The Rescue Hose Company was organized by volunteers and reorganized in Feb. 1888. The late Ed and W. L. Rodden were officers, fathers of Lola and Vernon Rodden, present residents.

In later years, Hook and Ladder Co. and the Rescue Hose Co. were succeeded by the Oakdale Volunteer Fire Department. The late M. J. Nightingale, the father of local John Nightingale in 1896 served as fire chief. Today we have a successful Fire Department.

Churches played an important part in social life and wholesome development of the city.

St. Mary's Church of Stockton served the Mission Churches, St. Louis in La Grange in 1852, and St. Joseph's in 26 Mile House in 1873. (Later in 90's 26 milehouse became known as Eugene). St. Mary's of Oakdale became a Mission Church in 1888. It became a parish in 1902 with Rev. W. A. Nevin, pastor.

First Methodist service was in 1865 in Burneyville before there was an Oakdale. In Sept. 1881, Rev. W. D. Crabb became the first pastor of the local Methodist Church. Services were held in the school house until the Union Church was built in 1882. The Union Church was located on F Street in location of present Methodist Church which was built around the old Union Church. In 1884, Rev. D. W. Chilson followed Rev. Crabb, then Rev. J. R. Wolfe in 1886, Rev. Kinsey in 1888, Rev. Holbrook in 1893, H. Copeland in 1896, and Rev. R. Rodda in 1897. Mrs. J. A. Harvey, Oakdale resident was a daughter of Rev. Rodda. Carl M. Warner was pastor in 1902 whose daughter, Mrs. C. P. Winston lives here. Rev. N. M. Parsons, pastor in 1909 lives in Oakdale too.

It was the late E. H. Gatlin who made the building of the present church possible.

The Free Methodist Church was organized in June, 1891 by Rev. S. C. Scott. Mr. D. S. Stuart became the first pastor. The present church was completed in June, 1892. Names of Pastors Boddy and Mulholland were members of Oakdale families.

It was over 55 years ago that Oakdale had a Presbyterian Church near the south east corner of 5th and G Streets later moved to southeast corner of G and First Avenue. Rev. White, Gregg and Surface can be recalled as pastors. The Church disbanded and the property was sold to Bethel Tabernacle (Assembly of God). That church was dedicated in 1930.

The Church of the Nazarene began a Sunday School held at the ranch home of Rev. and Mrs. D. S. Reed. A church was organized in May, 1912 with eleven members. This church has steadily grown too. Rev. John Howarth is the present minister.

In the past 15 or more years, Christian Science Church, First Baptist Church, Calvary Baptist Church, Missionary Baptist, Pentecostal, Seventh Day Adventist, Jehovah Witnesses, Four Square Gospel Taber-

nacle are just some of the new churches started in Oakdale. All churches have excellent attendances.

It is impossible to name all the men who helped Oakdale before 1906 to become a more prosperous city. Yet the names of G. L. Rodden who came to Oakdale in 1882 with his sons Ed and William L. Rodden left definite imprints upon the memory of citizens. Their sons were successful in merchandising and in 1904 organized the First National Bank in Oakdale. They were instrumental in helping many to develop businesses and farm land. They were among the incorporators of the city of Oakdale and helped in organization of the Oakdale Irrigation District.

A. L. Gilbert who came to Oakdale in Nov. 1892, also played an important part in Oakdale history. His sons, Lawrence, William and Robert, operate the A. L. Gilbert grain Company which is the largest year round business in Oakdale. It employs 33 persons throughout the year.

In an old directory of 1886-1887 the only names in it whose families carry on businesses here today are Byron Seeber, father of Milton Seeber of Seeber's Drug Store, J. H. Hubbell, father of Harvey Hubbell who operates Hubbell business property and Rodden Bros. father of Lola and Vernon Rodden who operate Rodden business property. In the directory of 1891, the names of Carrie Beal and Perce Ardis are registered who live here now.

Of the 1,000 residents in 1886 (500 in 1880), there were three doctors and one dentist to take care of their needs.

The small elementary school began in 1881 with three teachers. Today Oakdale has three elementary schools with 60 on the faculty and 1,507 attendance. Mr. Burton Gripenstraw is the Superintendent.

The high school that began with three on its faculty today has 54 employees. \$700,000 has been spent in the past two years on expansion and replacement. Mr. Clarence Royse is the Superintendent.

The year Oakdale was incorporated in 1906, came the Oakdale Pea Packing Company. It was the forerunner of the present Hunt's Cannery.

Irrigation in 1909 was brought to Oakdale District. Grain farming gave way to development of fruit orchards and almond orchards. Then cattle, sheep and hog raising became important industries. Poultry raising began to grow in importance in the Oakdale district. Those industries with dairying and the raising of Ladino clover make Oakdale district and land along the Stanislaus truly agricultural and industrial. Yet, industry is being emphasized more and more.

The City Council of Oakdale, Mayor Reynolds, and Councilmen Gene Bianchi, James Cochran, Dan Donnelly and Harold Walthers took a lead in the golden jubilee of Oakdale's incorporation as a city in 1906.

These residents were in Oakdale 60 years ago.

Julia C. Gray
Henry G Schadlich
Essie J. Wood
Frott M. Sampson
Massaret Cashman
William Fogarty
Maud A. Gray
Bridie R. Boddy
Lattie Hammann
Melbie P. Meyer
Martha Tugend
Nellie Daughlin
Charles C. Brinerton
Leopine Lewis Wilkerson
Ada Warfield Martin
Mary Silcox Dargatz
Cathie L. Best
Alonzo J. Wood
Lucia Archis
John H. Hubbel
Henry B. Wagner
Ray A. Weston
George E. Swatzel
Mrs A. J. Jones

Old Timers below
came here 60 years
ago, before 1895.

Nelson Marvin Parsons
J. B. Bevington
Minnie Parsons Barber

Bertha L. Weaver.
~~Grace Warren Don~~

W. Attestorud '82
Charles W. Lane '82

Cha Brooks Remayne

P. C. Smith
Anna W. Fugate
Florence Brennan

Old timers below
came here after 1900.

Ethel Gardner
J.W. Hoffmann
Sadie Headlam
O.H. Wilkins
Emma Walther

Some other Oakdale Citizens Who Have Had Continuous Residence
Here For Over 50 Years.

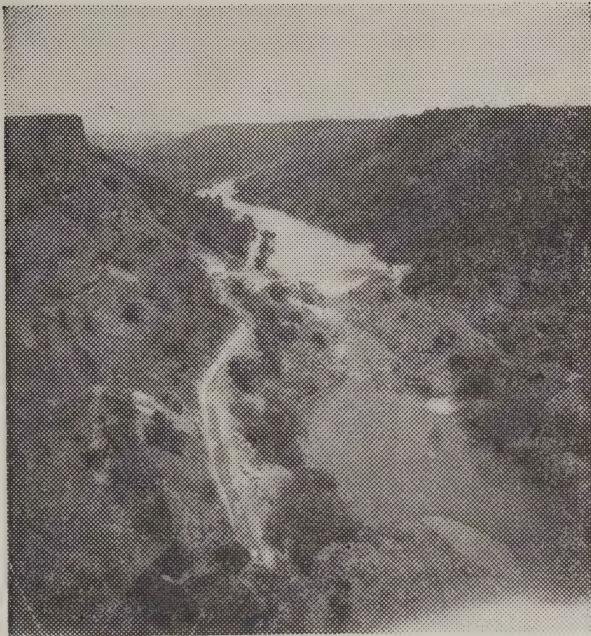
Henry Wren	William Meyer
Minnie Wren	Verle Lundy
Fred Walther	Charles Murray
Lola Rodden	William Cashman
Myrtle Leitch Sawyer	Vernon Rodden
Aileen Sampson	William Haslam
Milton Seeber	Eva Schonhoff
Enrico Colombo	George Watson
Harvey Crow	Mrs. L. Lundy
Gene Bianchi	Katherine Walther
Dena Giovannoni	Margaret Jones
Louis Zaro	Josephine Lamperti
Fred Stone	Frank Zaro
William Robison	Angelo Coppetti
Fred Merrihew	Mrs. J. B. Stearns 94
Earl Haslam	Mrs. Nettie Meyer 94
Johanna Post	Daisy Willms
Ed Anderson	Emma Walther
Lulu Anderson	Emma Gilbert
Andy Jones	Eva Stearns Reed
Stella Schadlich	Hester Dies
Luella Anderson	Chester Byington
Velma Reeder Yeager	George Morrison
Charles Gray	Mrs. Roy Fitzgerald
Eva Stearns	Mr. and Mrs. S. Fitzgerald
Guido Zaro	

Citizens from neighboring communities of Knights Ferry, Eugene, and Valley Home.

From Knights Ferry Ella Sisson claims over 50 years residence on ranch of her gold rush father, the late William Bach. Others who left their native Knights Ferry for Oakdale residence are, Lucile Schell Tulloch, Lulu Willms, Arthur Willms, Ned Schell, Katherine Stone, Claiborne Schonhoff, Karoline Ardis, Martha Ardis. Continuous residence they've had in both communities is 50 years.

From Eugene, whose post office was closed in recent years, 50 years continuous residents are Sinclair Orr, Lelia Bunds Nelson. William Orvis, Charles Stuart and Alfred Brennan are on their gold rush grandparents' ranches. From Eugene in 1910, Eva Brennan became Mrs. W. H. Fogarty of Oakdale. Daniel W. Brennan, the oldest of the Brennan family, came to Oakdale in 1930.

From Valley Home we have Mr. and Mrs. A. Schultz and Mr. R. Benedix Sr. who have had continuous residence in Valley Home and Oakdale 50 years.



Chapter III

These articles are from the weekly column of the Oakdale Leader called "Along The Stanislaus."

Along The Stanislaus Old Songs

All through the early history of California, folks sang together at gatherings and social affairs.

Some of the early songs of the original settlers — the Spanish and the Mexican — are heard today. Many songs have been composed since that time, but most of them were forgotten.

And yet the songs of the Gold Rush Days remained long with the people, and some of them are heard today. A few lived on, and the banjos and guitars familiar in Gold Rush Days were used a great deal up until the past 50 years.

In the 70's church hymns received an impetus, and today we still have one of the favorites, I Need Thee Every Hour. The song of 1873, Silver Threads Among The Gold, is still a favorite with old timers today.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny survived the 70's too. Home On The Range, written in 1883, is perhaps one known best by folks today, with Love's Old Sweet Song of the 80's.

Oh Promise Me, of '88 and I Love You Truly of 1900 are still fa-

vorite songs.

Johnny Get Your Gun, Where Did You Get That Hat, and Down Went McGinty were introduced to the public in the late 80's but appear in popular barber shop quartet song books of today.

Mother was always singing about the home. After 1895 I recall our fascination for the songs of the 90's. Among her favorites were, When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There, In The Sweet Bye and Bye, and After the Ball.

After 1900, there was an upsurge of song writing. Never was there a time when people sang more, and everyone whistled. The delivery boys whistled as they went about their duties, and the farmers whistled as they did their chores. And in the evening there was always a member of the family who could "fiddle" the tunes of the day.

So many of the songs familiar to me were composed in my pre-school days but were loved throughout the years that followed.

It was true, everyone sang. Never was our country more peaceful and more free of the threat of war than during that period. A singing people are a happy people.

Among the songs of 1900 that I remember my mother singing were, In The Good Old Summertime and Wait Til' The Sun Shines Nellie. She especially enjoyed Listen To The Mocking Bird and O Lorena, a song not familiar to many.

Other songs after 1900 were, In The Evening By The Moonlight, I Want A Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad, By The Light of The Silvery Moon, Beautiful Dreamer, Dolly Gray, and You Tell Me Your Dream, I'll Tell You Mine.

In 1912, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling came before the public, and it is still popular in the present time. And, Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet and Yankee Doodle should not be forgotten.

Patriotic songs included Battle Hymn of the Republic, You're A Grang Old Flag, Battle Cry of Freedom and Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.

Many hymns composed before 1900 are still heard today. Among them are Abide With Me, Sweet Hour of Prayer, God Be With You, When He Cometh, Nearer My God to Thee, and Onward Christian Soldiers.

A great emphasis upon church choirs after 1890 seemed to develop great demands for organ music. And nearly every family had a hymn book. By lamplight, individuals and groups would practice their hymns on the organ.

Along The Stanislaus Mottoes

School Days before War I children collected mottoes and many gifts were made of the framed verses.

The first homes often had upon their walls, large framed mottoes embroidered and in cross stitch. Small girls were taught to do the alphabet in cross stitch in my grandmother's days. Older girls did the large "Welcome" and "God Bless You" mottoes. How often did we urge our

mothers to take down the mottoes from our walls with the walnut frames that are treasured today.

Many grandparents treasured the autograph books of their youth, and they kept them with keepsakes in their locked trunks.

But often as years pass on, the old trunks with fraying locks needed new ones. So youth's natural curiosity to get into the trunk was satisfied. How the young folk chuckled over inklings of love affairs gathered from the old autograph books.

All through the years, autograph books would come as new ideas and soon the fad would fade. The fascination of writing in them was lost when good penmanship was no longer an art and love sonnets and mottoes were not popular.

An autograph book before me now, has a very pretty green cover, with silver flowers decorating it. It holds verses written in the early 80's in Tuolumne County. What beautiful writing — especially that of Florence Superville, Eliza Walton, Viola Browder, Louis Engling, Nellie Mendosa, Mayme Kelley, John Kempston, Jennie Taylor, Lizzie McAdams, Carrie Trengrove and others.

It was mother's prized book. One was impressed by the expressive verse,

"If others be as fair, What are their charms to me.
I neither know nor care
For thou art all to me."

This young man soon claimed the autograph book owner as his bride. Seals of red roses and for-get-me-nots decorated the page.

A smaller autograph album of brown with large gold sea shells and gold flowers on its cover is interesting.

An autograph album of 1895 featured this quote, "I have something sweet to tell you. Be kind in all you say and do, that others may be kind to you."

Another beautiful autograph album has the back of bright colored rose plush and the cover is a celluloid one with a beautiful colored picture on it. The pages are vari-colored and is thick and almost square. It was a gift to one of my sisters, the late Frankie McKenzie Jory of Stockton. She rarely saw her schoolmates after she left in 1910. But she cherished the autographs of her friends of 1904.

On the first page in her book is written, "To all who write in my album, This pledge of assurance I give. While I read the names of friends, I'll think of you while I live And when the years pass quickly away, And the writing grows faint with age, I'll replant them in memory's garden, Where nothing can dim o'er a page."

It is interesting to note that the writing has not dimmed at all.

One favorite quotation was, "Not like the rose, May our friendship wither, But like the evergreen, Live forever," signed by Lola Rodden. The late Louise Schloh wrote "I hope in heaven a crown to wear. Dear Frankie will you meet me there?"

Over 50 years ago small booklets on Love, Smiles, Happiness and Friendship were available. All through the years until the 30's they could be found in gift shops with mottoes for Mother's Day and friends.

Surely, there was nothing harmful in youth's interests in poetry and autograph albums of other days. They treasured their keepsakes just as they treasured their friendships.

Along The Stanislaus

Spearing Salmon

At this season of the year when skies are cloudy and we have our first sprinkles, hunting and fishing are popular discussion subjects.

All through the years from the time of the first Indians at the rancheria at Knights Ferry, spearing salmon has been a popular recreation and also a welcome food item.

It has been reported that above Knights Ferry on the Grant, the salmon would sometimes be so thick and the river so shallow, that the Indians could walk across the river on them at this season before the heavy rains.

Pitchforks were used to pile up the salmon along the waters edge. Quantities of these salmon were smoked.

Not only were the Indians adept at spearing salmon, but all along the river with their friends became skillful spearers and looked forward to salmon spearing season.

My first experience watching men and my small brother spear salmon was when our family went out to the Lancaster Coffee ranch (now the Seymour Ranch) for one of our many visits, over 50 years ago.

Above the Ardis Ranch was the best spot. Fishermen took up places in the middle of the river, so they could choose the biggest salmon. We girls climbed up on the slippery boulders to watch.

My brother in his oversized rubber boots caught his first salmon which was too big for him to lift from the water.

In our excitement to help the spearers catch the biggest fish, we often slipped into the water. We would reach the Lancaster Coffee ranch in wet clothes and old clothes, though nondescript, were then put on after we dry. Chairs in the ranch house dining room and kitchen were draped with our wet clothing.

One item worn by every youth was the union suit — a combined undershirt and pants. They came below the knees and heavy black ribbed stockings were pulled up over their legs. Everyone wore high top, heavy soled, buttoned shoes. What a job to dry them.

Yes salmon fishing time was fun for all. While our clothes were drying, we spent a few happy hours popping corn, playing checkers, parchesi and Old Maid.

And who can forget those wonderful feeds served on autumn and winter days to as many as 24 people by Mrs. Lancaster at the ranch? Naturally, more company came on Sundays to take home salmon meat.

In those days, before Oakdale became a city in 1906, there probably would not be more than five or six people fishing along the river near the ranch. They were generally friends from town invited by ranchers along the river. The rancher and his sons would go out almost any morning to catch their salmon.

Children had such wholesome fun then with their parents. Many chores and chances to earn money, gave children the opportunity to own the sports equipment.

How life has changed in Oakdale and vicinity in the past 50 years. Today the Fish and Game codes do not allow spearing salmon.

Small boys still enjoy fishing for catfish along the stream with a bamboo pole and a worm for bait. I recall my mother going with my brother to fish near the bridge. We girls had to go along too, since mothers rarely left their children home alone in those days.

There was no compulsory education then and truant officers were rarely even heard about. I can almost hear the chuckles from some of Oakdale's present leading citizens as they recall skipping school to fish, eat lunch with the so-called hoboes under the bridge and return home after school. Many were their escapades.

It was always embarrassing to the boys when they tore their coats or trousers on the pesky blackberry vines and sometimes had to come home with some real scratches to explain.

Along The Stanislaus

Christmas Memories

Christmas memories linger. It is an unusual Christmas week, when memories of the Christmas season stay with us.

It brought so clearly to mind the thought, that sharing and loving by gifts, cards and good deeds is just as important every day of the year as at Christmas.

The road to daily happiness is not hard to find for it is what you do for others, that brings peace of mind.

Over 50 years ago children, not knowing merchant's Santa were so believing and impressionable as the Sunday School Santa was the only one seen during the year. How thoughtfully he was dressed and chosen. He was always large and tall with a fine voice. He only stayed in the presence of children a short time, and left as he said, to visit many other children.

Other churches carried out the idea, and nothing was left undone to keep the great secret.

Children then believed in Santa until at least 11 years old. Christmas plays were always on the Christmas theme of the meaning of Christmas. No chances were taken at school plays, either, of having a child Santa to puzzle the young believer.

Today often Santas vary so in dress and appearance that young children are confused. By the time he is 5½ years old a lad knows all about Santa and makes greater personal demands upon his parents.

Children over 50 years ago got thrills and have exhilarating memories that have been dear to them a lifetime.

Who can forget that little Presbyterian Church near the southwest corner of 5th and G Streets? (It is now the Assembly of God Tabernacle on the corner of First and G Streets.) Those who attended there have most precious memories of the missionary spirited teacher, the late Mary Langworthy Crawford and the inspirational Sunday School Superintendent, the late Loren Hanna. Mr. Hanna spent a lifetime as a Presbyterian missionary in the Orient. His oldest sister, Adela Hanna, only this week wrote to one of her few Presbyterian friends left, Mrs. Emma Gilbert. Mrs. Gilbert was one of the excellent Sunday school teachers,

as well as a teacher in the public school.

Other workers in the Sunday School are all gone, as well as the leaders in the Ladies Aid. But the fine influence upon the lives of little children lingers a lifetime.

Among them were Ida Sisson and daughter, Mrs. Ed Reeder, Polly Ralls, Mrs. Charles C. Turner, Mrs. Ben Kaufman, Mrs. Mayme Lancaster Coffee, Mrs. George Bentley and Mrs. O. Z. Bailey.

One of the youngest Sunday School Superintendents in later years was George Morrison Sr., at present a local banker.

Over on the Eastside, before the church was moved, the Sunday School had its best years.

Children attending then were Ann Endicott, Elvah Prowse, Ruth Bailey, Emmett Richardson, Mabel and George Morrison, Malcolm McKenzie and sister Velma Reeder, Clyde and Irving Bentley, Mattie Ralls, the five Wilkinson brothers and sister Leila and many others.

Along The Stanislaus

Chinese

Chinese New Year is here again and in large cities, celebrations are being held. Over the weekend, carnivals and festivals will be held with the lion dragon displayed or in parades.

Chinese were happy by the close of their week of the new year, Sunday night. Why? The important act was seeing that all bills are paid by that time. Rarely did one ever here of the idea of "paying up" not being carried out.

Many Oakdale folks recall over 50 years ago, the Chinese laundry man (Charlie, one of the last well known ones) giving his friends and customers China lily bulbs with a package of Chinese candy and nuts together with a jar of ginger. How the children liked those treats! The boys especially liked the small firecrackers that were sometimes given. Yet most of us disliked the ginger but appreciated the unusual jar which is popular today in collection of flower containers. We cannot forget the equally generous Chinese cooks who gave away similar gifts.

East Oakdale was the liveliest business part of town when the railroad was put through Oakdale. The street east of the depot was rightly named, "East Railroad Avenue." Most of the activity centered about the freight trains at the railroad depot. The present Neubaumer Hotel (there had formerly been larger wooden frame hotels on that block) was on the busy avenue.

How well I can recall as a small child, when mother's brother, Henry Reeder, "run" the Neubaumer Hotel in the 90's how interested all his girls under 18 years and my sisters and I were in that youthful Chinese boy, Nam, who was 17 and had come to help his uncle, the cook there. We would always see him with his long pigtail sitting on the outside porch peeling potatoes.

Our families lived on the same street where the Veterans' building, and Pontiac Co. on 4th Street are now. So when we went with mother to the store (now Pigg's) we cut through the alley. We were quite curious about the loud talking young Chinese boy. The loud sound always seemed to be the same "lingo." Yes, we girls practiced on saying the

words after months of listening, which to us were 18 syllables. We had the inflections too, and all of us can repeat those same words today!

One day our uncle Henry Reeder let us girls into his kitchen and proudly we recited the lines we had learned, to the old Chinese cook. How surprised we were to have the cook say, "No, no, never say to Chinese. Bad words, very bad." We did not hear the words very often after that, but Nam became our family friend.

So from the Chinese cook at Neubaumers, we were remembered most generously at Chinese New Years through all his years in Oakdale.

In the 90's, china lily bulbs were placed along the walks of the cottages where our families lived. Few were the flowers in the homes then — maybe a red geranium in a pot — so the China lily bulbs in a pressed glass dish with small white pebbles to keep them down in the water, were cherished. Then the next New Years, the old lilies would be planted when new lilies were made gifts.

As years passed on, Nam never forgot the girls he had known in his early youth and always China lilies were gifts as long as they were desired. There came a time when no longer were the lilies considered a choice gift, and years when there were practically no Chinese in Oakdale and Nam had gone to Modesto to live.

It is rather interesting to note that in his late years before he died, he opened the Fairmont in Oakdale, the town he loved, so he could meet old friends again. Then in his older age, he confused me with a favorite cousin, Hazel Reeder.

Also interesting is that Miss Reeder has been with the Baptist Mission for Chinese boys for several years until it closed last summer. Her little boys under 9 years were transferred to the Ming Quong Home, (Presbyterian Home for Chinese children) in Los Gatos where Miss Reeder is a house mother.

I am certain that if in childhood one had experience with those of another color there would be greater love of and understanding in the true sense of the word for all nationalities. In early days, parents satisfied young children's curiosity about Chinese and most had no prejudices.

Many students of California history have regretted the way the Chinese were treated in "gold digging" days as well as years following.

Parents build character into youth through constructive means, more by their attitudes than their words, and homes, and homes varied always according to the background of the parents, often who were new arrivals from Europe.

Mother watched with interest when friends moved from the 4th Avenue cottages and she was given their China lilies to use as a border. She planted them at our present landmark in the McKenzie-Brennan yard on Davitt and G Street. Today, we still have some of many same bulbs in the yard.

The Chinese were long suffering in gold rush days but liked our country and became well known as "honest Chinese" who were especially admired for their Chinese New Year's philosophy of "pay off old debts for New Years, gift your friends at this time, be loyal to them."

So most local people liked the Chinese for their good qualities especially their honesty and loyalty. Strongly could we emphasize their spirit of forgiveness and gratitude to all who had been understanding of them.

Along The Stanislaus

Ladies Improvement Club

On April 6, 1907, The Ladies' Improvement Club of Oakdale met in the high school assembly hall where they formed their club. Their constitution stated, "The objects of this club shall be: cleaning and beautifying the city of Oakdale and vicinity through its streets, cemeteries, parks, school grounds, public buildings and places which may at some time require its attention. It shall be its duty also to encourage and develop public sentiment along such lines of improvement."

Quoted from the Oakdale Leader, May, 1907, was the following statement concerning the club, "It has a broad literary section, a physical culture and a dramatic section." In 1929, the club had a Garden section. It sponsored a Junior Auxiliary for high school girls. Upon further recollection, the club held baby clinics and spring clean up campaigns. It helped the city to have 4th of July celebrations as well as Memorial Day parades and ceremony. The Ladies' Improvement Club assisted with May Days, Ministeral Shows and in May, 1911, they held a fashion show and in April of that same year they participated in a Rose Carnival.

We know through the years from 1907 on, the club developed Dorada Park and built Dorada Club House. They had no other club's financial help in these years of trying times. The city and Men's Dinner Club came into the picture in later years.

Past presidents of the Ladies' Improvement Club still in Oakdale are Lottie Hoffman, third pres.; Mrs. Louis Meyer, sixth pres.; May Matthew, 13th pres.; Denise Bechis, 15 pres.; Clarabelle Dopplmaier, 17th pres.; Jane Witt, 18th pres. and Mrs. Smethers, 19th pres.

I had the privilege of becoming a member in 1910. One of the first chores I recall was when a group was given a tree planting job. We went by horse and rig with buckets of water and small trees to plant them in a row on Sonora highway. Yes, I note the four I planted along the south side of Sonora highway are still growing with the other trees. Trees to be planted and old trees cared for was an objective of the club.

Its first money making project was a skating party which cleared \$50 in 1908. The late J. Haslacher and his family were profusely thanked for their financial assistance.

The first community celebration of the women's group was in April, 1911, when the Ladies' Improvement Club planned a Floral Festival with a queen. Young business men, some of them who were volunteer firemen who enjoyed the carnival spirit of the annual Mask Ball, had the idea of calling the event a "Rose Carnival." They had the idea of a Dixie Minstrel on the program too.

Those business men contributed to a fund for a big free aviation exhibition. Most of the general public had never seen a "flying machine" as airplanes were called then. Postals were sent far and near saying, "Won't you fly with me in Oakdale, April 21, 1911?"

The flying machine was on the high school grounds where a Maypole dance took place when the parade ended and the crowd assembled for the aviation exhibition. Box lunches were for sale by the Ladies' Improvement Club. How they worked!

The queen on her high throne had a real sense of humor and chuckled when she was left on her throne shaded by a small palm parasol. Friends forgot their queen perched there on her throne, in the excitement of seeing the flying machine. The ladies spent a large sum for a heavy cream material in which the queen was sheathed. It was used again for the next year's queen too.

The covering of the horses was trimmed with artificial pink roses. One of the driver's of the float's horses became frightened at the outset of the parade and so the queen ended up being driven by only one horse.

My youngest sister, Queen Grace, (the late Grace McKenzie Reiff) enjoyed the event when though few roses were in bloom, the carnival spirit of fun prevailed.

The following article was printed in the April 20, 1911 paper: "All Hail Queen Grace. Heed her royal decree. Loyal Subjects — "It appearing to me that nature has blessed us with a sublime climate and abundance of natural beauty, therefore I bid you lay aside your worldly cares, free yourselves from toil, that you may join in the celebration of the Rose Carnival, to welcome the stranger within our gates and show him every attention and courtesy possible, that Oakdale's fame for hospitality may be world wide."

Actually, the flying machine only got a few feet off the ground and the business men kept their money as the promoters did not fulfill their contract. Disappointed business men will probably never forget the Rose Carnival or the first flying machine that visited Oakdale.

Oakdale's few members of the Ladies' Improvement Club never worked harder with parade, noon lunches and evening dinner at the Fireman's Hall and Ball in the evening.

The account in the Oakdale Leader vividly described the participation of N.S.G.W. and N.D.G.W., Gaiety Club and Firemen in what was mostly a parade of marchers with some of the valley's first autos. The queen's float was driven by a community leader and N.S.G.W., Frank Lee, a local business man. Those who witnessed the Rose Carnival (few roses were available) never will forget the carnival spirit of fun.

1730280

Along The Stanislaus

Reflections

The days after Christmas were times of reflection by many grandparents. Of course they vividly retold stories of their own childhood too.

Naturally, they enjoyed the little ones' shining eyes, brightened by the surprises found under the fragrant trees, as well as their voices singing carols and their ringing laughter.

Yet grandparents could not help but contrast the other days with the rapidly changing ideas of the past 30 years.

Previous to that time, it seemed that children found ideals of the home, school and community more or less the same, with emphasis upon character, education and spiritual training.

Not only little children, but older youth as well knelt beside their beds in prayer and mothers taught the little ones to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," just as some do today.

In the evenings many families gathered about the large oval walnut parlor tables in the Gold Rush grandparents' homes. On the table was the large family Bible. The head of the family read from the Bible and taught verses to the children.

It was the father who took the small children to Sunday School, while mother and the older children prepared dinner, the noon meal.

How fortunate young people are today to have church youth groups and Sunday Schools for high school and college groups.

Sometimes members of the family learned to read by the study of the Bible in the evenings.

There were not many books in the homes then and no public libraries. But good books for every child were Christmas gifts throughout the years.

Recall the Dinsmore, Alcott, Dickens sets of books with the poetry books by Longfellow and Burns?

So, after Christmas and before school started in January, there was quietness about the home on cold and rainy days — children were reading.

Children had school libraries composed of what are called "The Dull Classics" today. Yet every child of ability read them, in my childhood. Maybe a child had read four books during the Christmas vacation.

Many of the men who did the chores on the ranches had known fine home lives and had gained good educations. No questions were asked about their past lives, but often they were made to feel a part of the family group. Christmas Day brought outpourings of gratitude to them and from them. They often had given the money to the parents to buy the books the children would like.

Every home had an odd iron bank in those days and often money was given to children for gifts.

In town too the homes with one or two children did not often indulge their children with more than parents' and grandparents' gifts. Friends gave money to add to the money in the iron bank, which the child received upon his birth. It has only been in more recent years that so many gifts were bought for individuals outside of the family circle.

The poorest families were not often sad then. The parents tried to annually take care of the filled stocking gifts.

It is interesting to note that experts claim that from poor income homes, where the children's moral and spiritual training were given as much thought as their physical needs and where children were wanted and loved — those children generally became good citizens. The respect for the laws of society were definitely part of the childrens' early training.

The good emotions of doing for others, love and charity were often expressed. Children were taught the true meaning of Christmas.

The days after Christmas often were days of joyful thoughtfulness for grandparents.

How kindly Christian leaders provided for the needy homes. The children took part in Sunday School programs and how carefully the leaders guarded the secrets concerning gifts of clothing and food. Parents did not talk before children in their homes as they do today.

We believe children should be heard and should be expressive today.

Yet often little children are made unhappy now because their playmates know about their unfortunate homes, but not the fact they have good parents.

Along The Stanislaus

Spring

Along the Stanislaus before sundown whether on River Road, Orange Blossom Road, Rodden Road, past Brichetto Gardens or down the many lanes to the river's edge, one is impressed with unusual scenic sights. On every side there is a green and pleasant rural view. The modernized cottages, the crowning glory of a tall pecan, walnut or massive oak tree seem to give the rural folks strength and faith.

Serenity is in the scenes along the Stanislaus, with the stillness of the evening made more interesting by small wild animals and the orchard samplers. A sense of contentment at the end of a day's work on the land seems to give passers-by that feeling of harmony and peace, too.

Few are the sounds heard from placid milk cows and various birds with their calling notes and songs. Happy memories are brought back to life from childhood joys along the Stanislaus.

The drive from the highway toward Woodward Reservoir with its wide expanse of still water along 26 mile road is an unusual treat. Yet if one drives south on Waterford highway along Hickman road along the Tuolumne, scenic views and lovely pastoral scenes are similar. The busy highway along the Stanislaus past Knights Ferry, makes one drive faster with the traffic but one still catches unusual scenic views there, too.

Eighty years past, has made changes in the scenes one enjoys today. Yet the hearts of the people who love to toil the soil and be close to nature are the same as 80 years ago. Then family life was naturally quite different, especially before 1906.

Oakdale and its small rural communities worked closely together, each respecting the identity of the other group. All members in a family contributed their efforts in getting ready for a holiday.

Every national holiday was observed and it was an occasion to get together for family visits or to witness the patriotic program and short parade. After contributions from the local band of young and old, came the family picnic lunches generally taking place under groves of oaks between G and H streets near the east railroad tracks.

Getting back to things of years past, I have before me a telescope basket 6 x 15 inches and 8 inches deep. Of course that 8 inches overlapping top could be extended several inches with its leather straps and handle holding parts together. Mr. E. Havens, husband of the late Adesia Harrold Havens, brought me the basket and said it was used by the Montague Harrold family of Farmington to pack their picnic lunch. Mr. Havens was told how his wife's mother fried chicken and filled the large pottery jug with lemonade and placed it in the basket. (Wasn't it surprising how cool drinks kept in those thick pottery jars?) Of course there was other good food with fresh home made buttered bread.

The bread was generally wrapped in a white flower sack with the

nearby flour mill stamp on it. The round rolls of home made butter wrapped in cheese cloth often were taken along to share with town friends who picnicked too on baseball day with Oakdale.

The candy store and soda factory of Van Vlears, both near Van Pelt's as were the hitching racks along the present highway, held unusual treats for the children on these days. Remember the long licorice sticks and the small paper boxes with string handles in which candy was placed? Tears were many when the children forgot the candy boxes on the oak twigs when they went home.

The baseball game at 2 o'clock brought the Farmington and Eugene teams in to competition with Oakdale. The whole family including grandmothers and little ones all rooted for their side at the baseball diamond located south of the present French Laundry.

The long ride in the surrey or in the high seated wagon drawn by two horses took the holiday folks home at dusk. Simple but wholesome fun, was enjoyed by the whole family on holidays.

Back home in the cool of the evening, the evening chores brought release from the day's excitement and the sense of serene peace and contentment again. But, nevertheless, all agreed the excitement was fun.

The home was a place belonging to all in the family where friends and neighbors mingled. Talking over the big day was leisure pastime often at the close of the day.

Contrasts of 1906 and 1956 are many, but the hearts of many rural and town folks beat with the same responsive chords today.

Along The Stanislaus

Autumn

In late autumn, after the first light rains, the early settlers enjoyed picking the first field mushrooms of the season.

Mothers generally stayed home, kept the kitchen warm, while she prepared her fruitcakes in the pantries. (Recall those large pantries with their drop leaf walnut kitchen tables covered with pans of milk) ?

The cream from the Jersey cow was so very yellow. How much fun it was to gather the thick cream — like thin leather — for the pitchers. It was fun to see how much cream at one time one could top without letting the leathery piece break.

In the pantry was a large closed cupboard upon whose shelves the pans of milk were placed, until the cream raised.

No doubt many will say they enjoyed sugared cream filled sandwiches, when they came in from the mushroom hunts.

The contents of the pantries varied with different households. Sometimes salted mackerel in water was made ready for 6 o'clock supper.

The small cups of custard were generally in another smaller cupboard for the school lunches of the next day. Many do not like custard and stewed prunes and plum jelly today, because they were almost daily a part of the school lunches.

The activities of the mothers and daughters in the old fashioned pantries varied. Recall the odd kitchen cabinets that had work tables and

bins for flour and sugar?

Picking mushrooms in the chosen pasture fields seemed to be the fun of the youngest children. The small lard pails for school lunches together with grandpa's small smoking tobacco pail were the containers used. Paper bags? It was the day of sacks of potatoes, sugar and flour and kegs of fish and salted butter and barrels of other food and boxes of apples and oranges.

Yes, the hog killing season made kegs of salted pork, pickled pork, smoked meat, etc. kept in the outdoor store house. Kegs of home made mincemeat and small hams and slabs of bacon were popular gifts to members of the family who came home for a visit.

Mushroom picking was always supervised by an adult and every child knew what toadstools were. Those who wish to eat, must clean them. How disappointing it was to clean a large pailful, cook them and see them shrivel into small bits. Butter was generously used for frying—provided there was plenty of butter churned.

At this season of the year, men of the families generally could bring in ducks for dinner from the nearby streams. There were five or more different kinds of ducks along the Stanislaus.

The duck hunters could tell interesting stories of how they just missed getting their limit — just as interesting as fisherman's tales.

All boys had their own guns and knew how to use them and clean them too. If they had nothing else to shoot, it would be wild pigeons, plovers and curlews.

The boys were up sometimes at 4:30 and fed the teams after breakfast. Before nine they had to walk to their rural schools, carrying the lunches their sisters put up. (After all, the boys had to get up earlier and had fed the chickens, turkeys and pigs. Maybe, milk the cows.)

But through the years of Oakdale and vicinity ranchers' pleasures were simple and not costly, but more important still, the family ties were close. Whole families shared leisure time activities together.

Nearly every youth looked forward to that all day trip to the nearby town or city, so his parents could shop for his new winter clothes.

Children learned much from their parents, not only from doing chores, but by going to town with their parents.

No season was happier for the early settlers and their families than the days before Christmas. Those were the days when after a rain when the fields were too wet for plowing, trips were made to Oakdale.

Remember the gifts shoppers received at the stores — advertising matchboxes and calendar plates? Then too, when the monthly bill was paid, children received special treats. No wonder all children wished to go to town with parents.

Window shopping was not the joy it is today. You had to get inside that store that sold merchandise to see anything.

Coverings over food and fine showcases were not so evident then as we find them today in this era of sanitation and inspection.

Yet the merchants took individual pride in the cleanliness of their backrooms and back yards. In the back yard were coops of chickens and geese running about.

Little boys of the first grade at school in the building where the present Purity store stands often stopped across the street to watch geese in the back yard of another store.

I wonder how many recall the time their teacher discovered several little six year olds, among them my brother, Malcolm, chasing the geese in the yard? The teacher took them back to the school house and gave them their first school paddling. Those were the days when children were expected to follow the teachers' directions to go directly home from school.

The youth in Oakdale often had relatives and friends on ranches in the country.

So the farmers generally shared their country fun with the Oakdale families. Likewise Oakdale residents shared their community affairs with the country folks.

Along The Stanislaus

Mothers

Mothers' Day brings such varied thoughts to different people depending upon individual experiences. Nevertheless, nearly all have precious memories of an unselfish and loving mother who knew good in her child and who rarely spoke of his failings.

In early childhood, one remembers how she looked out for us and understood us. All through life she loved and forgave as only a mother can do. Children cannot realize the full extent of a mother's love and how she has concealed her heartaches from them with patience and long suffering. She asked for little and was so appreciative of love, the greatest gift of all, with the non material gifts of praise, helpfulness and respect.

Too often mothers are only thought about on Mothers' Day. A gift is purchased and a home visit is made. Sometimes a box of chocolates is the gift to mother. As a result, the whole family is delighted with "mother's gift."

Mothers have enjoyed getting dinner, but more so the praise that comes from a visiting son who would comment that "no one can cook like mother." In some homes on this day, mother relaxes and visits with her sons and grandchildren while the daughters get dinner - as they learned to do so well in their youth. They respect their mother's furniture and dishes and her home. The mother was an inspiration to the new sons and daughters. Little ones caught the idea of respect for their grandparents' wishes.

Sometimes while the daughters did the dishes, the sons would take the mother for a ride. How often she took the chance to stop at a friend's "just for a minute," but really in order to show off her "fine boys" as she called them.

When mothers are taken out to dinner (sometimes under pretended protest) dressed in her best, it is a nice gesture on the part of her children. Mothers are really pleased.

Good mothers were generally good neighbors. How they helped in sickness and distress. Many blocks they'd walk to sit an hour with a shut-in friend. As they'd say, it would give a neighbor a chance to go to town to pay bills and shop. They lightened the burdens of another and

treated one as they liked to be treated. How they shared their joys and
grieves.

Children knew that their mother's greatest ambition was to make
them good citizens. Some mothers never lost interest in that ambition.
Today many in their 80's and 90's are carrying on, helping to care for
them. Some mothers never lost interest in that ambition.

I recall a sister, a registered nurse, as she advisedly suggested tech-
niques of the professional nurse. How confidently mother replied, "Well
Dr. McKibbon says I'm alright. I've been with 52 of his new babies and
they are all alive." Was any country doctor more loved than dear Dr.
McKibbon, long gone from our midst? Was anyone more unselfish? Surely
he will never be forgotten, nor his nurse helper and wife Mary who
visits our city occasionally.

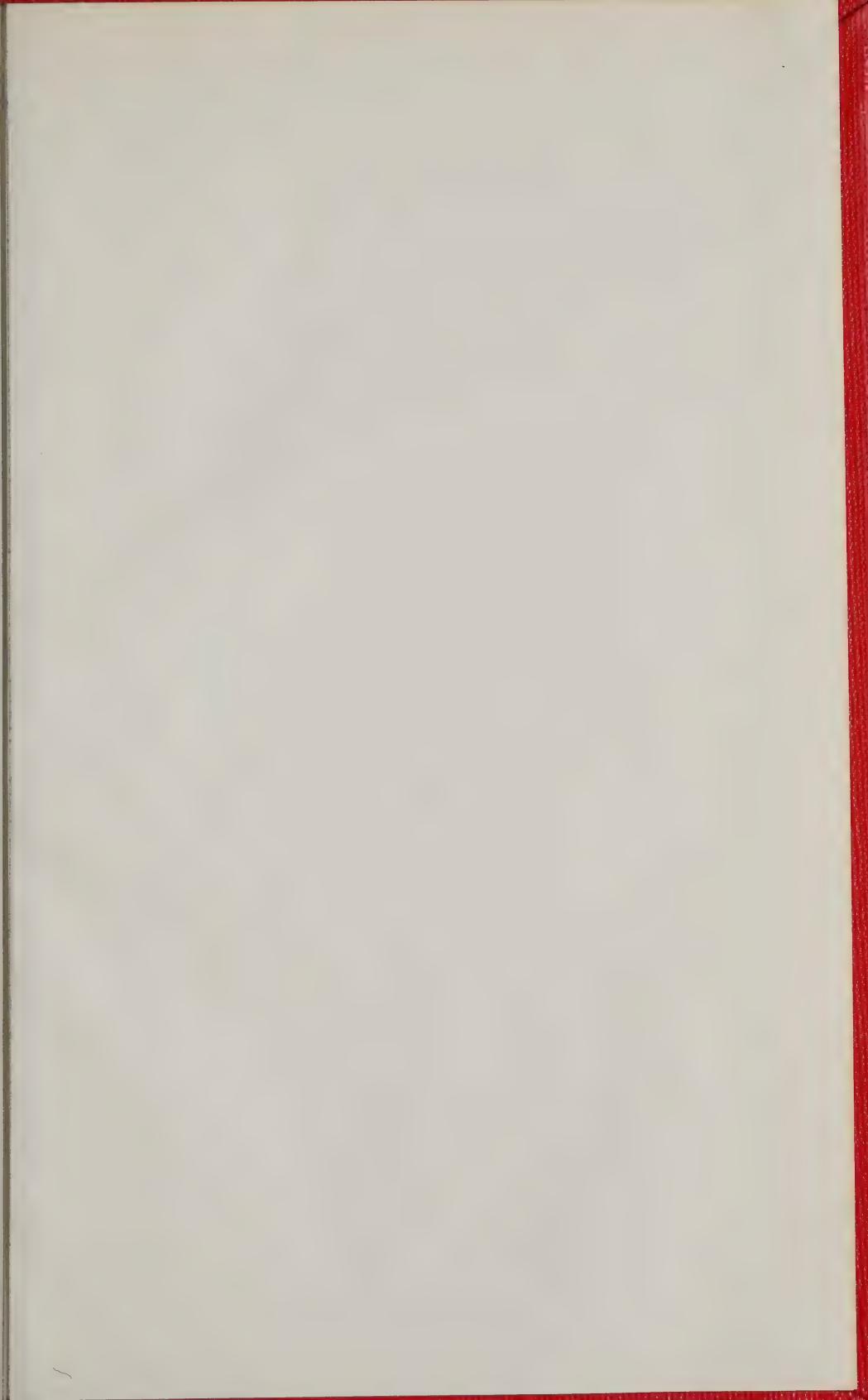
This thought seems to be an appropriate one for Mother's Day:

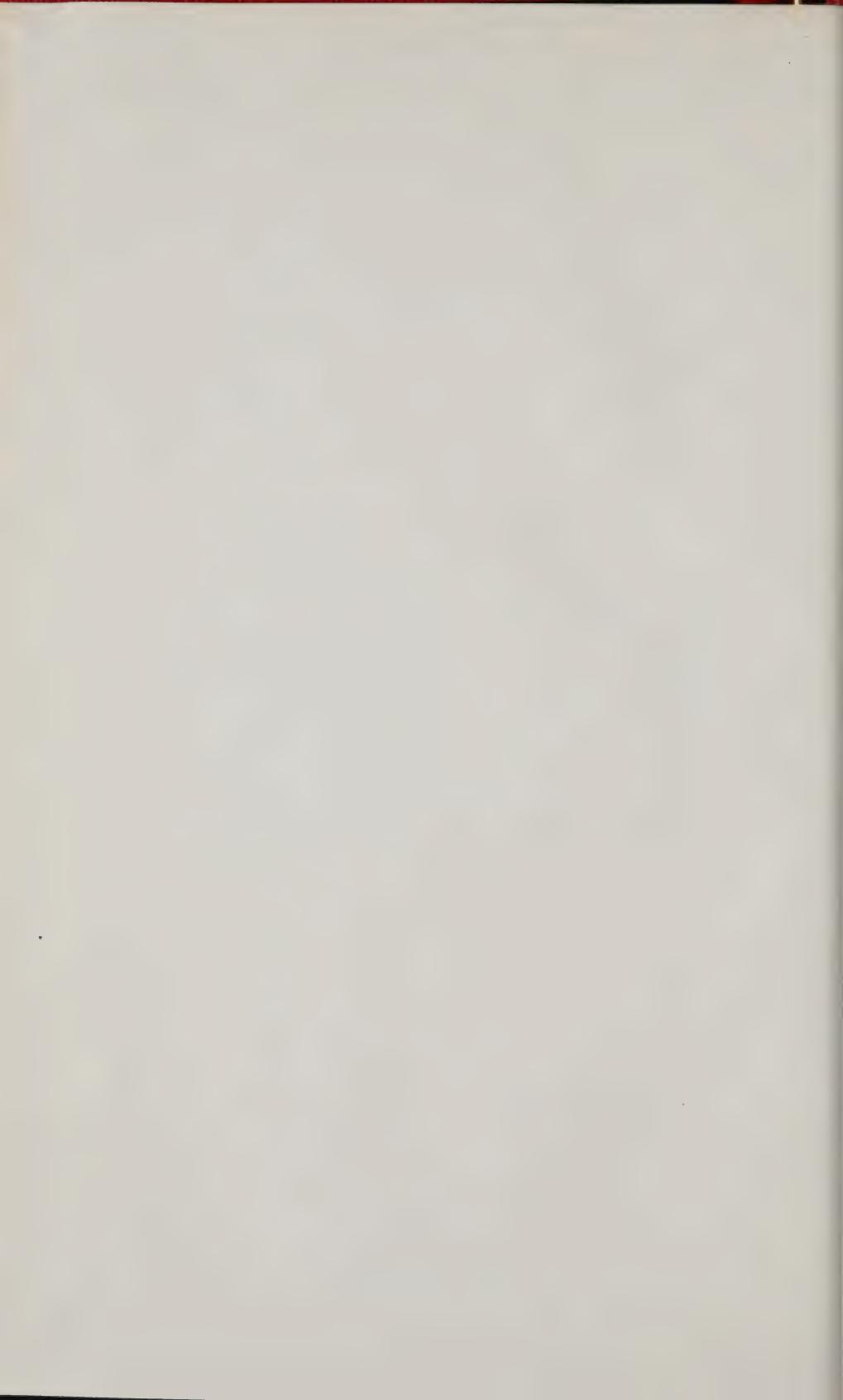
"If I've brought a little sunshine
And helped to lift a care,
Made the world a little brighter
And a burden helped to share,
Then I feel that God has blessed me,
And surely heard my prayer,
And asked me that he would lead me
And use me anywhere." — Anonymous

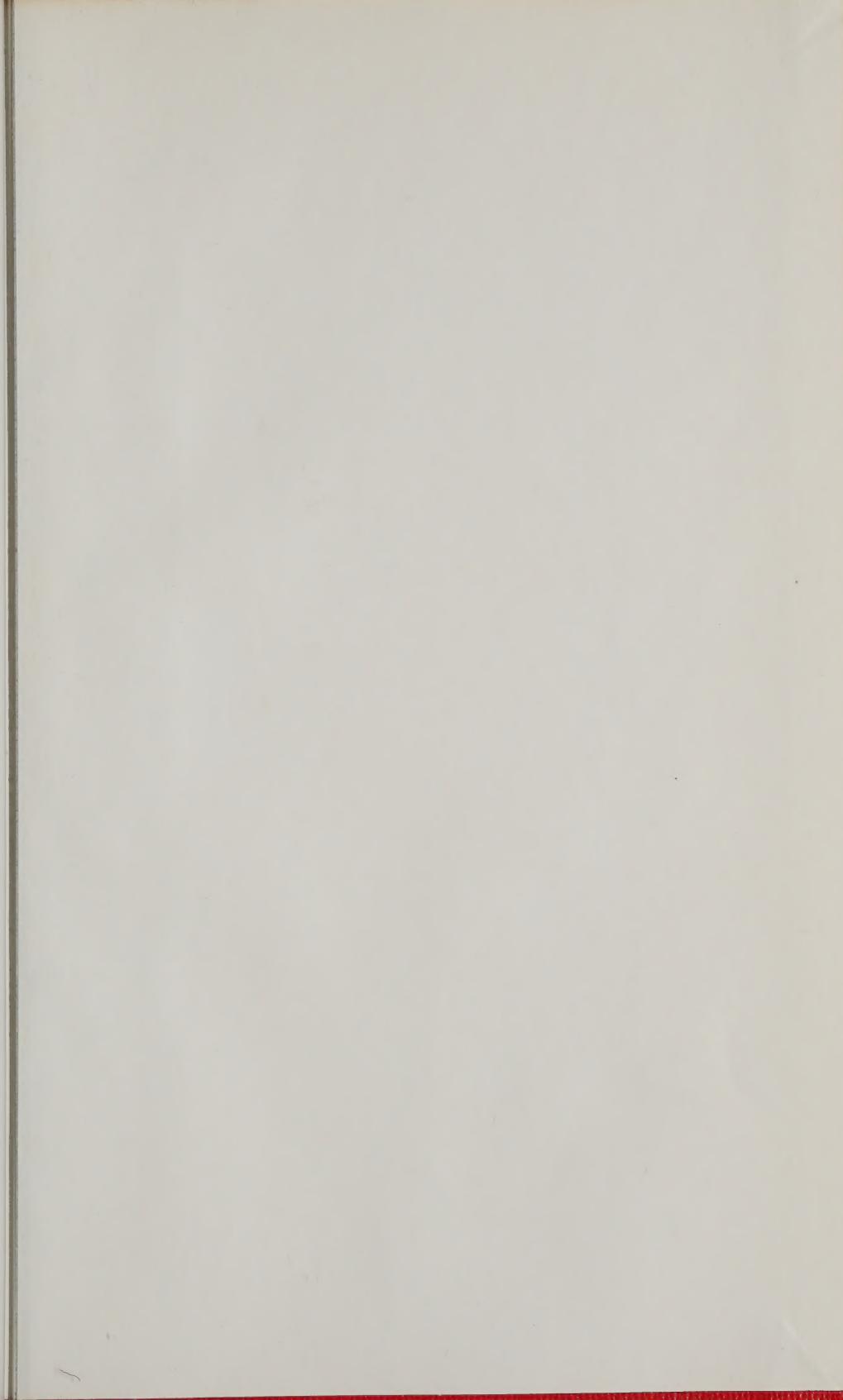
My own unselfish loving mother like other unselfish mothers, spent
leisure daily for a while at the bedside of a sick friend or neighbor. That
large black handbag carried her crochet needle, No. 150 thread, and a
linen handkerchief ready for a birthday gift or for a friend's kind
daughter. Yes, her only son's last weekly letter with snapshots enclosed
was in the bag too. They'd visit together about their children and tell
how their sons worked nights and went to school in the day time. Wasn't
that typical of the mothers, doing for others, with special pride in their
own families?

AUTOGRAPHS

5028







Gc
979.
Oa3:
1730



